

# THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.

VOL. I.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE  
HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF  
THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

*Hard is the fortune that the sex attends ;  
Women, like princes, find few real friends.  
Hence by fond dreams of fancied pow'r amus'd,  
When most they tyrannize, they're most abus'd.*

LYTTLETON.

AMONG the many subjects which have called forth the censure of the grave and the derision of the gay, coquetry stands forward with eminent distinction. Here the essayist and the poet have found an ample field for their exertions ; but unfortunately for mankind, the lash of satire and the melody of verse have been of little avail ; we have still to deplore the cruelty of beauty too nice to be pleased, or too ambitious of universal dominion, to admit the claim of any single admirer.

To the charge of approbating that which has been so long condemned I hesitate to submit myself, yet from what I have read and observed, I humbly presume that the character of the coquette has been too strictly considered in the abstract : the motives which lead to a life of voluntary celibacy or the occasional rejection of connubial delights are not always sufficiently enquired into ; the lady's story is seldom heard, at the same time sympathy is awakened, and our judgment biassed by the school-boy wailings of love crossed at eighteen, or the unceasing clamour of impudent pretensions disappointed. That there are many justifying circumstances in the case which, when duly weighed, will take from the severity of censure, I have no doubt. A sick parent, for instance, may demand constant and unwearied attention from a daughter ; ill health, or at least a delicate constitution, may forbid a daughter to indulge her wishes, for although she may carry beauty to the arms of a husband, she may also feel that disease will be the certain inheritance of her offspring—is a lady thus situated to affix with two black wafers

under the knocker a label on which the sighing passenger will read, “no admittance for those who shall presume to admire” ? Let us not be too hasty in our decisions. Taught by the fate of some unhappy sister, who was once the delightful companion of her early years, and now the victim of misfortune, a timid female will, as the world think, pause too long on the choice she is about to make of a partner for life ; she may welcome every new lover in the hope of finding one who promises, from greater worth of character than those already admitted on her list, or from some other qualification to her equally recommendatory, to make her happy ; yet she finds that that lover only encreases her doubts and apprehensions. Just such a lady, some person will possibly exclaim, have I known ; who, in spite of her reflection and her fears chose from amongst her suitors he who was most unlikely to make her happy ; this may be true, but before we condemn, we should be very certain that any other would not have made her wretched ; caution has ever received the applause of the wise and the approbation of the good ; if, indeed, regardless of superiour claims to her affection, she gave it to one who deserved it not, she is to be pitied ; the sex, it must be confessed, have much of the frailty of human nature ; love films the eye, and the scintillations of passion are not always to be resisted. We will go a little deeper into this matter. “*Dans le fait de l'amour c'est l'exception qui flatte.*” If Fontenelle is right, all cannot be flattered. A lady who has charms and wit will soon have a host of lovers : if she gives her heart to one, she necessarily offends the rest, and the town is fatigued with the complaints of the disaffected ; coquette is whispered at the tea-table, and vociferated at the tavern ; each thinks he ought to have been preferred, and as vanity in such cases wonderfully assists recollection, all remember the smile or the welcome that justified their pretensions. Lovers are like melons—one good in a hundred. The modern Apicius sees on his groaning board the delicacies of every



clime and every season, and with the fastidiousness of pampered appetite roves from dish to dish, uncertain where to choose, and unsatisfied with variety of excellence; and shall beauty be compelled to feed her spleen for life on the first rank fool that presents himself?

Woman, as philosophers do aver, is the weaker animal. Beset, as she frequently is, by twenty suitors at a time, how is she to determine? the passport of merit is not written in such obvious characters as that he who runs may read. The calm remorseless villain who means her ruin will not be less assiduous, and certainly not less bold than the modest man whose good faith deserves her regard; the designs of the one or the intentions of the other are not at once discoverable; meanwhile, to hesitate is to practise coquetry. Surely, in a lottery, when the consequences of drawing a blank are so severely felt, the sex may be permitted to turn the wheel before they venture on the number which shall fix their happiness or misery forever. In better times, when ladies had nothing to fear but the arm of a giant or the rod of an enchanter, coquetry was little heard of, for it was not necessary: honour first fettered whom love enchained; assurance of fidelity fixed the passion which courteous demeanour and respectful advances had excited; and where the nuptial torch was lighted up for beauty, her brighter ray beamed on the sun-burnt cheek of constancy and valour. Let us look at our *coster-monger* age to find, if we can, some substitute for the qualities we have long ceased to possess and scarcely know how to appreciate: we see the blank which sense and dignity had left, filled up with full-length portraits of a fortune-hunter and a beau.

The behaviour of a lady will frequently deceive very penetrating eyes, especially where affection for the object observed has preceded observation. A lover of ardent hopes may construe into particular favour a kind complacency of conduct, the overflowing of a heart anxiously solicitous to please; which, instead of being directed at him alone, is nothing more than part of a general system founded on the wish so universally felt of being beloved by all. What he should have thus interpreted, his blasted expectations degrade by the harsh name of coquetry; for the desire of revenge will, in a certain degree, assail the mildest bosom, nor are we the less speedy to execute our purposes of resentment for an affront because we owe it to our own folly: sentiments contrary to these, imply a rectitude of soul rarely to be met with.

There have been, and still are, people in the world who believe all women are coquettes, just as there are others who will swear that "every woman is at heart a rake,"

because a great poet has said it before them. These system-mongers who reduce every thing to rule, and who have scarcely forbearance enough to admit exceptions which would place the feelings and the habits of the mind in a more amiable light, remind me of a French traveller. Having fortitude enough to support existence a short month *hors de Paris*, he determined to see a little of the interior; and being arrived at Tours, he found the hostess of the inn where he stopped a diminutive, red-haired, cross-grained body, not disposed to be in a better humour with him than with the rest of her guests. On publishing his travels after his return to the capital, he began the chapter on Tours by observing, *les femmes de Tours sont rousse et acariatre*. Without taking to myself an overabundance of credit for my anecdote, I will venture to say, that every railer against coquetry will find his image reflected in the French traveller.

My fair sisters! I do not, I acknowledge, promise myself much success in this my attempt to turn the current of publick opinion in your favour: malignity will growl, and folly will chatter; but heed it not; be resistless in spite of censure, and contract not the wide domain of beauty. That were indeed an humble lady who would content herself with pleasing one, when she might charm the world.

F

*Nunquam a turba mores, quos extuli, refero: aliquid, ex eo quod composui, turbatur; aliquid ex his quæ fugavi, redit. Inimica est multorum conversatio.* SENECA.

Solitude and society have each their advantages: the former is peculiarly adapted to lead man to the knowledge of himself; the latter teaches him the nature and follies of the world, that may be injurious to those who delight too much in it; but this is always more or less baneful: the complaint of the philosopher being the experience of all rational men in every age: "Much intercourse with the world," says he, "is pernicious;" and every man conversant with life must attest the truth of the proposition. There is something in the nature of an enlarged communication with society which vitiates the nicest taste, defiles the purest mind, and weakens the energy of the most excellent principles. Actions of which men are justly ashamed when individually charged with them, under the cover of a multitude in the same situation are perpetrated with little or no remorse; and some witty expression or ludicrous representation has operated to mitigate our horror at vice, and render it palatable. In the quiet of retirement, man may enquire into his situation as a rational



being accountable for his conduct, and under moral restraint: here alone, it is probable, he will form resolutions by which to govern his conduct, strive to ascertain the number and power of his vicious desires, aim to correct his improprieties, and increase the influence of the virtuous principles which he may possess. Calm contemplation on the nature, situation, and prospects of man, will generally have a profitable tendency; and few are so hardened as not to wish the enjoyment of that peace which accompanies virtue, although the force of habit, or the seductions of vice may induce them not to attend to the dictates of sober reason. The wish of Balaam has been often expressed by men equally as well acquainted with the advantages of religion, and like him determined not to obey its injunctions: they delight in reflecting on the happy retreat which the good man makes from this world, and the exquisite felicity which awaits him in a future state; but will not exercise sufficient power over their perverse wills to subdue them to a conformity with that which reason and revelation require.

The weakness of man is abundantly displayed in the discord apparent between his professions and his actions. He admits that his life is of a fleeting uncertain tenure, and cannot be held by him many years. Notwithstanding which, he pursues the honours, the riches, and the pleasures of this world, with as much avidity as if his stay below were to be eternal; and his wisdom were proved in grasping as much of it as he could procure. The greatest part of mankind are thus engaged; the majority careful respecting present objects only, and absorbed in gratifying their present wishes, lose all idea of the eternity to which they hasten; and forgetful of themselves, and that which is demanded of them as moral agents bound to conform to a certain rule of life, indulge propensities which fail not to injure themselves, and contaminate their associates.

General intercourse is pernicious, because it turns the mind from itself. There are none who have no duties to perform in social life; hence it is necessary that we should have commerce with men of the world. But the grand fault is, that being by nature so constituted as to delight in society, we frequently sacrifice our duties to the satisfaction which we derive from intercourse with others: and so ready are we to swerve from that which is good upon the least allurements, and so apt to make even lawful enjoyments injurious, that by turning our attention from ourselves, and proposing to our notice subjects either trifling or vain, it may be asserted, that no man returns from a mixed assembly, a free social meeting, or even his proper avocations, to his fire-side, so pure as when he left

it. In the seclusion of a closet, where peaceable meditation may be enjoyed, the passions of the human heart most opposite to the welfare of society are counteracted, their influence diminished, and as their mischievous effects become visible, hatred to them is increased: in the world they are often inflamed as soon as they have been checked, and it is not uncommon for a man to have his easily besetting vice invigorated immediately after he has used every possible mean to weaken and destroy its power. Example has frequently seduced men of little fortitude to commit crimes, at the recollection of which when retired to their homes, they have been appalled; and felt surprised how they could have yielded to the artifices of those who have no other object in view, than by multiplying the number of vices, and those who commit them, to screen themselves from publick contempt and infamy. When vice is authorized by the example of the great and the powerful, it requires a man of firmness to escape the contagion which at all times and in such numberless ways is ready to infect him. Nothing is now more fashionable than a spirit of levity, which eradicates every serious idea, by mixing together allusions to the subject of Christianity, and inuendos that men who appear to be guided by its prescriptions are fools and hypocrites; those who love the truth, but have never studied the evidences in its favour, sufficiently to be able to defend their opinions, often seem to join with their companions, when they feel silent grief that they cannot stem the torrent that inundates them; and its constant repetition either enfeebles the obligations of virtue, or what is preferable, obliges them to absent themselves from company in which they hear the name of their God blasphemed, the principles which bind society together derided, the foundation of all social happiness laid waste, and the basis of their own individual comfort destroyed. Much caution should be used by those who wish to preserve their hearts from the evil which communication with the world instils: for it is truly astonishing, that one rational observation uttered by any person in company, with respect to the dignity of man in a future state, the value of the human soul, the propriety of submitting to the commands of Heaven, or the imprudence of a vicious course of life, will stop all the channels of conversation, and finish the delight of proud rationals. Ridicule is frequently made the test of truth; and because a good man has not talents to defend a sensible remark from the silly noise of those who hate truth because it condemns their conduct, his sentiment is transformed into a jest, and he himself "quizzed" as a Puritan. If men renowned for their ignorance only, were obnoxious to this



charge, we need not be surprized ; but that those who have received all the instruction fortune or talents could acquire, should thus act, and indeed be the first to laugh every thing decent out of the world, is a source of regret and lamentation. It is inconceivable, how much an opprobrious epithet will tend to render the best cause, and him who supports it, contemptible: men calculated to impart sterling knowledge by their communications in society, and who have been the greatest ornaments of human nature, have frequently given up its benefits on account of the defect now stated. Hervey for some years before his death visited very few of the principal persons of his neighbourhood, although they manifested for him all possible esteem and respect: being once asked, "why he so seldom visited the gentlemen in his vicinity?" He replied, "I can hardly name a polite family where the conversation turns upon the things of God; I hear much frothy and worldly chit-chat; but I have now determined not to visit those companies where there is not room for my Master as well as myself." It would be well if all men who desire to promote the best interests of society, would act upon the same principle. The man who has an enlarged intercourse with the world, who is obliged to be found in situations and companies, whose principles he abhors, and whose practice he detests, should be endued with a determination to persist in his own habits, deaf to all entreaty, and inexorable to every clamour. When a young man who has been nurtured in the paths of virtue, and instructed to consult her commands in every step of his life, ventures into the world, he hears vices the most opposite to that which he has always supposed just and good openly defended and as openly indulged, every man whose character reproaches the enemies of virtue introduced as the subject of ridicule, his religion stigmatized as "*cant*," his virtue diminished to constitutional apathy, and himself represented as a morose, unhappy, melancholy mortal, not fit to live among gentlemen: unless the youth shuns such scenes, it is highly probable, that he will lose his virtue, and shipwreck himself upon the shore on which numbers equally well equipped, but equally as weak, have lost their health, their fortunes, and their reputation. Every man should consider himself possessed of some influence, having opportunities of praising that which is laudable, condemning that which is faulty, reproving the commission of vice, opposing those evil practices which he may hear defended, and animating the virtuous however weak their efforts, in the steady discharge of the various duties which augment individual and social felicity.

J. B.

## LETTER IV.

*To Eliza.*

After the most anxious expectation, I have received your second letter.—It is short; and couched in such peremptory—perhaps I may say—indignant language, that I have resolved to relinquish every idea of you. In forming this determination, I have been obliged to summon up all my fortitude and firmness; to rouse every sentiment of manliness, and to invigorate every principle of independent pride. It has cost me the severest conflict, and still corrodes my happiness; yet am I unchangeably fixed in my purpose, never more to supplicate you, unless I perceive some hopes of a different return. This resolution my most deliberate judgment approves. It has always been my opinion, that the noblest passion which can warm the breast, without a certain independent dignity, sinks into the most degrading weakness, disgusting to her who caused it, and despicable to every one else. Those sentiments which soften the heart, ennoble all the affections and prepare us for every thing generous, noble and great, when under the misrule of excess emasculate the mind, debase the source of every virtue, and degenerate into their correlative vices. Abandoned by reason, the disinterested patriot becomes the engine of proscription and blood-shed—The benign christian is transformed into the furious and relentless fanatic—and he whose heart has been melted by the noblest and most dignified passion, is changed into the love-sick dying swain, whose sleepless nights are spent in eking out the most fulsome adulation, and whose days are passed in lisping his whining hypocritical rhapsodies. I have often wondered that a lady could have patience with a servile cringing lover, and I should have thought it impossible, were there not many examples, that she should ever be teased into matrimony by a fellow, whose affections and adoration are increased in exact proportion, with the contempt and disgust with which he is treated by his enchanting divinity. Are the principles and feelings of our nature reversed by a passion which awakens all the sensibilities of the soul? Can hatred and contempt increase love? Such may be the progress of covetous avarice or fretful desire, but believe me the growth of sentiment is far different. As in the colder and more distant relations, friendship is only perpetuated by reciprocal effusions warm from the heart, so in the most refined and soft affections,

—Nought but love,  
Can cherish love and render bliss secure.

But if love were rendered more ardent by the most harsh return; what opinion can be formed of him who is insensible to the most determined contempt and indigna-



tion? Can that mind whose spring is destroyed by the most humiliating compliances, ever rise to the practice of the noble virtues? Do we expect generosity from servility, candor from art, or sincerity from hypocrisy? You must not however, suppose from these remarks that I have reasoned away my passion. I wish I could. No! ever engaging and lovely Eliza it yet is ardent and unabated. No! Dearest of women, my heart responds, I possess for you the tenderest, softest passion; and though it can never expect a return, shall, by chasing away all remembrance of your unkindness, in ideal smiles, find a temporary reciprocation: In fancied bliss, I'll enjoy every moment which I can spare for abstraction, and I'll forego every hope of the real Eliza and love and be loved by an imaginary one. But, my passion, though strong and immutable, is under the regulation of reason; though it is ingrafted on my happiness and almost incorporated with my existence, I am still so fortunate as to be able to check its maddening violence. And although I may justly be accused of having imprudently permitted its deceiving influence to glide into my heart, it shall never be said that one so susceptible of the most refined passion is insensible of the most unkind treatment, and that he whose love originated in the purest sentiment, could consent to implore when indignity and disdain were the return.

However, whatever your conduct may have appeared in my eyes, it was no doubt dictated by motives, which although they extinguish every hope, ought to render you more lovely and amiable.—I can yet judge of you without partiality—and my candid opinion is, that you are, in every respect, the most finished and perfect woman of your age that I am acquainted with. When therefore I examine my pretensions, I am struck with the vanity and arrogance of a hope to attain the honour of your hand. Notwithstanding your extreme diffidence and modesty, your good sense and judgment must have perceived that you had reason to expect a more eligible match, and your sympathetic and tender heart impelled you, reluctantly, to the decisive conduct which I have experienced; that by applying a violent remedy you might at once cure the wound you had unknowingly inflicted. However let your deportment be what it may, I shall never believe you take delight in wanton cruelty, and though I am far from swerving from the resolution which I have made, I will never question the rectitude of your motives or the sensibility of your heart, till I have more convincing proof than your harsh and peremptory conduct towards me.

I will now bid you an adieu forever. May you bless him, who, though he cannot love you more sincerely,

may be more deserving of you. That the soft beams of peace may irradiate your steps, uninterrupted happiness mark your life, and after death the richest treasures of heaven await you—will ever be the ardent prayer of

CONSTANTIUS.

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THE LOTTERY TICKET—AN EXTRACT.

It has frequently been observed, that both happiness and misery are relative emotions, which are either diminished, or increased, in proportion as our minds have found a transition from the *one* to the *other* extreme. The man who has basked in the sunshine of prosperity, generally finds his spirits unable to support the attacks which adversity inflicts; whilst the being who is suddenly raised upon the pinnacle of *greatness*, finds his head suddenly become giddy from the exalting height. So completely are the bonds of society interwoven, and so firmly are the ties of relationship entwined, that one man's *success*, or another's *misfortunes*, generally, in some degree, affect his connections' minds.

I am led to form this opinion, from feeling the influence they have produced upon myself; and I have reason to deplore that sensibility of disposition, which makes me so tenderly participate in every heart-felt pain. Though, from the first moment of taking upon myself the sacred *character* of a *clergyman*, (which is now upwards of eight-and-twenty years,) my income never exceeded a hundred and fifteen pounds, yet I always contrived to save something to relieve the unfortunate; for charity seems an instinctive emotion in my breast. This amiable principle I should not have been able to gratify, had not my domestic concerns been under the direction of an economical wife, who always contrived to save a shilling, by the judicious disposal of every guinea she received; and who fulfilled every duty both of the mother and the wife. Though my family consisted of five children, yet my yearly bills with different tradesmen never amounted to fifty pounds; for we kept a cow and pigs, fed poultry, and both brewed and baked at home.

I taught my daughters to read and write, and gave them some slight instruction in the French language; and my wife was a complete mistress of every kind of work; therefore I was not at any expence for their education, except one year, that they persuaded me to let them go to a dancing-school. My two boys found a friend in the lord of our manor, who kindly procured them admission into the blue-coat school; and I have the happiness of believing, they will never disgrace the patronage which they had the good fortune unexpectedly to obtain. My elder girl



went as companion to a lady in the neighbourhood, whose delicate health required a change of clime. My younger, I had the misfortune to lose in a consumption, and this was the first serious affliction I ever met with in life. I endeavoured, however, to submit to the decree of my Creator; but I had the misery of seeing my wife bowing under the stroke; for though she was fondly attached to all her children, my poor Nancy had certainly the first place in her heart! After having for nine months watched the bed of sickness, sometimes inspired by hope, and at others dejected by despair, I lost this endeared and amiable companion, and felt myself a kind of outcast in the world. The filial attentions of my Eliza, however, at length roused me from that state of lethargy, in which, from excessive grief, I was plunged. I patiently submitted to the will of the Almighty; and, if I did not become *cheerful*, I tried to feel *resigned*.

I had long fancied I had beheld a partiality between my girl and a young farmer who lived about half a mile from our house; and as he bore an excellent character I could not help wishing the attachment might increase. He had not long been in possession of his patrimonial inheritance, which amounted to about one hundred and forty pounds a year; and he hired some land that lay contiguous to this property, for which he paid annually about the same sum.

I soon had the satisfaction of receiving proposals from Mr. Richardson, on whom I gladly bestowed the hand of my child, and for some time enjoyed the highest gratification, from seeing him affectionate to my Eliza, and attentive to his affairs. I sometimes fancied I discovered too great a propensity in him to imitate the manners of those who lived in a higher sphere, for he was frequently planning out the manner in which he would dispose of his money, if by *industry* or *accident* he should ever become rich. My daughter rather encouraged than checked this conversation, because she observed that it afforded her husband delight; and as I had not the slightest idea that his airy visions would ever be realized, I gave myself no uneasiness about the turn of his mind. Though he had collected many anecdotes respecting persons who had gained fortunes in the lottery, yet I had no suspicion he had been a purchaser without informing his wife; when, judge of the surprise I must have felt one morning, at finding myself awaked from a sound sleep by my son-in-law's voice.

"Congratulate me, my dear Sir! congratulate Eliza!" exclaimed he, without allowing me time to open my eyes. "Now you shall see what a style we will live in! Now I'll show the world how *well* I love my wife! She shall

have the most elegant carriage in the whole neighbourhood! and I will keep a pack of the finest hounds. You shall see, my good Sir, that I am a *man of spirit*; for I am at this moment master of *twenty thousand pounds*!"

All this was said with so hurried an articulation, that it was impossible for me to get in a word; and I really began to imagine, that the poor fellow's head was turned. "What do you mean, George!" I exclaimed, with an astonishment which convinced him I had not comprehended the cause of his joy. "Don't you hear the bells?" He enquired: "Why an express has arrived from London, and my ticket has proved a prize of *twenty thousand pounds*!"

"I give you joy, my dear son," said I, shaking his hand with cordiality; and God give you grace to make a proper use of this boon." "Oh, never fear that," continued he with animation. "But *you* must come *directly* to our *house*." Away he flew, without waiting for my answer; and meeting an old woman, who kept my house, on the stairs, I first heard him embrace her with all the ardour of affection, and next desire she would accept his purse to drink Eliza's health.

Instead of my heart glowing with gratitude towards my Maker, for unexpectedly bestowing riches upon my child, I could not help fearing they would be the means of conducting her to the road of ruin, and an unconquerable dejection took possession of my mind. The month after this unexpected acquisition of fortune was devoted to the entertainment of all the complimentary guests, who crowded the house for the purpose of seeing how its possessors were *affected*, under the pretence of offering congratulations, which few of them could feel.

I shall not attempt giving a minute description of the various alterations my son-in-law planned. The old house was erased, and a new one erected, large enough for a man of five times his wealth. It was in vain that I endeavoured to persuade him to occupy his attention by cultivating his own patrimonial estate; for he had too many pretended friends to encourage his extravagance, and impel him to pursue the most visionary schemes. My poor Eliza enjoyed for a very short period the unexpected possession of undesired wealth; for it seemed to have been the means of alienating her husband's affection; and the indulgence of *pleasure*, it was soon evident, was undermining his health. Instead of the calm happiness he had enjoyed in the society of my Eliza, he could not bear his own house, unless it was filled with guests; and even that sacred engagement he had entered into at the altar, was infringed upon by the advice of his fashionable friends.



Those tender pleasures of mutual affection, which ought to have proved checks upon *extravagance* and *caprice*, no longer excited emotion in the breast of a father, whose feelings were all absorbed by the effect of *example* and *dis-ease*.

Seven years had scarcely made their annual circuit, when this ill-fated young man's life and fortune were brought to a close; and I was under the necessity of affording an assylum to my disconsolate Eliza and her children, who amongst all her friends in *prosperity*, found none ready to solace her woes.

Since the removal of my family, my expences have diminished; and I have been able to save a little for my unfortunate child, who, from having once enjoyed the elegances of existence, doubly feels the burden of her present distress.

#### DOMESTICK ILL TEMPER—AN EXTRACT.

*Expect not a story deck'd in the garb of fancy, but look at home.*

A little before Sir R——'s arrival, Lady H——, who had been much fatigued with nursing one of her children, that was ill, sat down on a sofa, and fell into a slumber. Soon after, being roused by the sound of his carriage, as it approached the house, she suddenly started up—hastily arranged some chairs that were displaced, and, adjusting her dress in the same hurried manner, sat down at a table in visible anxiety.

Alas! thought Constantia, is this the arrival of a husband!

Sir R—— entered.—“What is the meaning, Lady H——,” said he, sternly, “that the hall windows are open at this time of night? In this damp weather, all comfort in the house is destroyed by it.”

“I know not,” replied Lady H——, mildly, “how they have been neglected; the servants are generally very attentive.”

“It is your business to see that they do their duty.”

“I have been much occupied with ——”

“I was not asking” interrupted Sir R——, abruptly, how you have been employed; I only meant to remind you, that if you do not attend to your domestick concerns, you must expect them to be neglected. Did you send for Newman, as I ordered?”

“Yes; but he was not at home.”

“When was he expected?”

“Matthew forgot to enquire, but he desired that he might be sent here the moment he came home.”

“And you propose to wait patiently till he comes?”

“What else can be done?”

“Send for another carpenter.”

“No other can do the work so well.”

“I wish, my dear, you could understand how unpleasant it is to hear nonsense.”

Silence now ensued, till it was broken by Sir R——'s saying to Lady H—— “So you don't think proper to tell me how Fanny does?”

“She is better.”

“And as that is agreeable information, you chose to keep it till I extorted it from you?”

Lady H—— gave no answer but a sigh; a long silence again ensued, and was again broken by Sir R——, who expressed high admiration of his wife's and Constantia's taciturnity.

“When you arrived,” said Constantia, “I was inclined to conversation, but imagined you were not disposed for it.”

“And my wife, I suppose, imagined that I was in a very bad humour; she has no allowance to make for a man's being tired and disgusted with troublesome business: having nothing to trouble herself, she can form no idea of the irritating things men meet with abroad.—What easy lives some women lead! They know nothing of the hardships which men, who are engaged in the bustle of the world, have to encounter.”

“I should think,” answered Constantia, “that domestick vexations may prey upon the mind as severely as any whatever.”

The watchmen in a certain great City having been for some time very negligent; a motion was made by a member of the City Council for leave to bring in a bill to compel the watchmen to sleep during the day, that they might the better discharge their duty by night: an old Gentleman present requested the honorable member would include him in the bill, for that he was so cursedly troubled with the gout he could not sleep either night or day.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YELSE is received, and we shall pay particular attention to the request of so valuable a correspondent.

In the hand writing of J. B. we recognize the author of those beautiful lines on Domestic Happiness; published in our seventh number: we solicit his further correspondence.

The Ode to Solitude will appear in our next.

ALPHA has not attended to our prospectus.

PETER PANGLOSS, No FOP, and several other pieces, are under consideration.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## EPITAPH.

Hence let the step of av'rice fly;  
 Envy and Guilt far distant hie,  
 Nor tempt this hallow'd ground;  
 Where Charity and Pity rest,  
 Where Virtue's self in turn is blest  
 Beyond this earthly mound.

No monumental stone displays  
 To Folly's eye the fruitless blaze  
 Ambition would desire;  
 No oil can fill the brighter lamp  
 That burns above the charnel damp,  
 With faith's celestial fire.

Stranger! pass on—the humble verse  
 Her actions wou'd in vain rehearse,  
 Quite blotted by the tear;  
 The pen essays in vain to gild  
 With praise fair virtue's loveliest child—  
 Laura! alas! lies here!

## THE FAREWELL.

Farewell! Oh! what pain it creates,  
 In the bosom which heaves at the sound,  
 When friends may no longer partake  
 Of the bliss with each other they found.

But hope shall reanimate joy,  
 As it dies on the quick passing breeze,  
 And in some future prospects employ,  
 The lov'd pleasures now fading in these.

While friendship may lull to repose,  
 The cares which oft harrow the breast,  
 We forget how the stream of life flows,  
 While on its smooth surface we rest.

The soft wind may breathe on the tide,  
 Or the rough blast may terribly blow,  
 The vessel may peaceably ride,  
 Or may dash the rude storm with her prow.

When pleasure, and fields of delight,  
 Or seasons of love may arise,  
 And friendship such scenes will invite,  
 As we grasp at the pleasure, it flies.

The good which the sun beams illumine,  
 And the joy-dreams of youth are terrene,  
 Farewell! we express with a smile,  
 If we duty a pleasure esteem.

## TO CONSTANTIUS.

*Most melancholy Sir,*

I've read your letters o'er and o'er,  
 And feelingly your state deplore;  
 For, trust me Sir, I've felt love's dart  
 Stick in my gizzard or my heart,  
 But which I can't exactly tell,  
 For now the wound hath grown quite well;  
 And I my judgment sure may miss in,  
 Because d'ye see I'm no physician:

But feeling for your situation,  
 Your hopes, your fears and your vexation,  
 I write, touch'd with the tend'rest pity,  
 This *very sympathising* ditty.  
 No doubt, Sir, you've spent many an hour,  
 Depriv'd of sleep's refreshing power;—  
 In study deep, by light of taper,  
 With pen in hand, with ink and paper;  
 And often, say now, a'nt I right;  
 Wrote out "the third watch of the night"?  
 Oft starting up from off your chair,  
 (Or stool, in case no chair was there)  
 You, fury like, would stamp and tear  
 Your *sweet Epistles* to the fair;  
 And then some fond ideas flew,  
 Your *tender heart* was partial to;  
 And some unto the flames condemn'd,  
 As if mere ideas could offend.  
 Oh! 'tis a grievous thing, by Jove,  
 To be so very much in love.  
 Sure this *Eliza* is a sad one,  
 Or else indeed a very mad one,  
 For being deaf to so much merit;  
 Such gen'rous love! such manly spirit!  
 Such arguments! as sure might move  
 The heart of adamant to love—  
 But hold! I'll cease to sympathise,  
 And boldly dare to give advice.  
 Since all your letters prove in vain;  
 Cease then *Constantius* to complain;  
 Drive far away each sickly vapor,  
 Nor waste for her your ink and paper;  
 Nor spend your time in am'rous sighing,  
 But make your will and think of dying;  
 Purchase a pistol or a rope,  
 Then give despair its fullest scope,  
 And like a lover quit existence,  
 'Twill with your letters shew consistence:  
 The tenor of which clearly prove,  
 You cannot live without her love.  
 "May Heav'n eternally forsake me"  
 And may the powers of darkness take me,  
 If I don't write your Epitaph,  
 Then sure your friends will cease to laugh—  
 Thinking that my advice you'll take,  
 And quickly this vain world forsake,  
 With all that is allied to sin—  
 Your Epitaph I'll straight begin.

## HIS EPITAPH.

Here lies a swain whose death does clearly prove,  
 That loaded pistols have more pow'r than Love;  
 He liv'd to write *ELIZA* three sweet letters,  
 But fail'd it seems, to bind her in love's fetters;  
 Pistol and ball, with powder then he tried,  
 But scarcely had it smote him ere he died.  
 Then, go vain man, nor boast love's potent power,  
 It cannot kill in less than half an hour.

SOLUS.

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